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## EDGAR A. POE.



THE family of Mr. Edgar Allan Poe, is one of the oldest and most respectable in Baltimore. David Poe, his paternal grandfather, was a quartermaster-general in the Maryland line during the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Lafayette, who, during his last visits to the United States, called personally upon the general's widow, and tendered her his acknowledgements for the services rendered to him by her husband. His great-grandfather, John Poe, married in England, Jane, a daughter of Admiral James McBride, noted in British naval history, and claiming kindred with some of the most illustrious English families. His father and mother died within a few weeks of each other, of consumption, leaving him an orphan, at two years of age. Mr. John Allan, a wealthy gentleman of Richmond, Virginia, took a fancy to him, and persuaded General Poe, his grandfather, to suffer him to adopt him. He was brought up in Mr. Allan's family; and as that gentleman had no other children, he was regarded as his son and heir. In 1846 he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Allan to Great Britain, visited every portion of it, and afterward passed four or five years in a school kept at Stoke Newington, near London, by the Reverend Doctor Bransby. He returned to America in 1822, and in 1825 went to Jefferson University, at Charlottesville, in Virginia, where he led a very dissipated life, the manners of the college being at that time extremely dissolute. He took the first honors, however, and went home greatly in debt. Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his debts of honor, and he hastily quitted the country on a Quixotic expedition to join the Greeks, then

struggling for liberty. He did not reach his original destination, however, but made his way to St. Petersburg, in Russia, where he became involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by Mr. Middleton, the American consul at that place. He returned home in 1829, and immediately afterward entered the military academy at West Point. In about eighteen months from that time, Mr. Allan, who had lost his first wife while Poe was in Russia, married again. He was sixty-five years of age, and the lady was young; Poe quarrelled with her, and the husband, taking the part of his wife, addressing him an angry letter, which was answered in the same spirit. He died soon after, leaving an infant son an heir to his vast property, and bequeathed Poe nothing. The army, in the opinion of the young cadet, was not a place for a poor man, so he left West Point abruptly, and determined to maintain himself by authorship. The proprietor of a weekly literary gazette in Baltimore offered two premiums, one for the best prose story, and the other for the best poem. In due time Poe sent in two articles, and the examining committee, of whom Mr. Kennedy, the author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," was one, awarded to him both the premiums, and took occasion to insert in the gazette a card under their signatures, in which he was very highly praised. Soon after this, he became associated with Mr. Thomas W. White in the conduct of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and he subsequently wrote for the "New-York Review," and for several foreign periodicals.

Ambitious, sensitive, and critical in a high degree, he found himself surrounded by those who could neither understand his nature, appreciate his talents, nor sympathize with his erratic spirit. The wine-cup was the bane of his being, and brought out the worst phases of his character; and although his friends claim that this one fault was the procurer of all his waywardness and gained him all his enemies, yet we believe that artificial excitement aside, he was from the very nature of his organization a wandering star, which could be confined to no orbit and limited to no constellation in the empire of mind. The melancholy tendency of his mind was heightened by the loss of his earliest object of adoration, and "Leonore" was the burden of every sigh, as "Mary" was to Scotia's sweetest bard. Poverty and dissipation soured his nature, and he reversed his heat and light against the world to scathe and blight what, under more favorable auspices, he might have illuminated and warmed to a happy assimilation to himself.

His writings have been collated by N. P. Willis,

J. R. Lowell, and R. W. Griswold, and published in two volumes, with a beautiful likeness, by J. S. Redfield, New-York, for the benefit of the wife's mother, Mrs. Clemm, who, in the deepest poverty and most devoted affection, followed, like a guardian angel, the unfortunate bard to the last.

This gifted son of genius and misfortune died at Baltimore, in October, 1849, aged thirty-seven.

## TALES.

### THE BEGGAR MOTHER.

BY MRS. ELLEN T. H. PUTNAM.

Part First.

IN a private parlor of a hotel on Broadway, are seated a group of individuals, each engaged as their inclination has dictated. A gentleman of some sixty winters is half-buried in a large *fauteuil*, devouring the contents of a New-York daily, and occasionally he reads aloud a short paragraph for the particular benefit of a matronly-looking lady, who occupies a seat by his side, and pauses from her sewing to listen attentively to her liege lord.

Mrs. Hasbrook was not like many wives of the present "degenerate age," who are guilty of the striking indication of ill manners, by permitting their husbands to read death, love and murder, for their especial benefit, without so much as even taking one stitch the less, or casting one look of interest, in return for the unenviable pains, and when interrogated concerning the merits or demerits of the matter in question, reply with a simple monosyllable, or pettishly request not to be disturbed when absorbed in counting "two up, three off, and two down." Oh, no; Mrs. Hasbrook was a model lady, and she knew better than that; so she modestly expressed her opinion with one or two pertinent witticisms, which Mr. Hasbrook pronounced "very good," and declared he would steal them to grace the strictures he was preparing upon the same subject.

Two other individuals were present, but so far removed, as to be able to converse without interrupting the elderly people. The one a young lady of some sixteen summers, very beautiful and very bewitching, we should judge, from the evident interest of the gentleman who sits before her, absorbed in the employment of watching every varying expression of her fine, and somewhat intellectual countenance. Annie Hasbrook was an adopted child of the old people, and heiress prospective, to a half million, at least, if Mr. Hasbrook did not die suddenly, without leaving a last will and testament.

The gentleman was Ivar St. Loud, who made no scruple of declaring his pretensions to the very best society, by the claims of birth, fortune, and personal attraction. Moreover, he had just returned from an extensive tour of travel abroad, and he wore a moustache *a la Santa Anna*, so that he felt well assured of an *entre* into whatever circle he described.

Being a boarder at the same hotel with the Hasbrooks, and early observing their son and their daughter, he sought his way into their private parlor, and had pursued its even tenor with laudable punctuality and politeness.

Mr. Hasbrook did not exactly fancy the elegant stranger from their first acquaintance; but being of a generous heart, and easy temperament, he contented himself with quietly discharging a few puns at the expense of "the Saint," (as he dignified the name of St. Loud, in virtue of the principle of antagonisms,) in the presence of Annie who could not be provoked into an expression of her opinion of her evident admirer.

When Mr. Hasbrook had finished reading, he arose, and taking the arm of his lady, proceeded to the window at which the young people were sitting, and joined them in their employment of speculating upon the various persons who were passing and repassing the opposite side of Broadway.

"Such a herd of common people one sees in a great thoroughfare, is an intolerable bore!" observed Ivar St. Loud.

"All persons have equal rights to the streets which intersect a free country," remarked Mr. Hasbrook.

"Very true, sir; but then such a magnificent street as Broadway, is sadly disgraced by the ill-mannered and ill-clad; they should be proscribed to the by-ways and meaner sections of the city."

"Young man!" said Mr. Hasbrook, fixing his keen, dark eye upon St. Loud, with a look of reproof, "such sentiments as proceed from your mouth are very unbecoming a native American; nay, more; they are absolutely disgraceful."

And the old man warmed, for he was touched upon his most susceptible point.

"You forget, papa," remarked Annie, smiling significantly, "that Mr. St. Loud has resided for the last few years, in countries governed by one individual, and not by the masses."

"So much the worse," pursued Mr. Hasbrook, "I should have supposed, Mr. St. Loud that you would, in observing the great defects of monarchical governments, have the more firmly based your principles upon liberty, and a democratic equality."

"On the contrary," replied Ivar St. Loud, with great dignity, "I learned to love and admire a system of might and right, which prescribes bounds between the high and low, so that each may live without any vulgar encroachments upon the other; and the members composing the first society need not be on a constant guard to avoid contamination with those who spring up in a night, and perish in a night."

"Very sage observations, those," observed Mr. Hasbrook, with the slightest tone of irony; "but you probably did not observe, meantime, that these self-same 'first people,' who were so safe on the citadel of aristocracy, are constantly casting down stones of oppression upon the toiling, suffering multitude below, which strike them to a low level with the earth. Ever thus such a principle of aristocracy

operates, the one inflicts, the other endures, and I would counsel all those in its favor to exchange places with the down trodden and oppressed, and learn what it is to toil and suffer, and finally starve, perihance."

"What a wretched-looking beggar-woman!"—exclaimed Annie, eager to change the conversation. "Do look at her, ma; she is just now seating herself on the steps of the building opposite."

"Very wretched indeed," remarked Mr. Hasbrook. "She looks so weak and exhausted, I think she must be starving."

"Doubtless her debility is feigned," observed St. Loud. "I have seen thousands of just such looking creatures, who would tell a tale of misery and starvation equal to any you ever read in a thrilling romance, when, in fact, they were healthy and thriving as the animals of the stall."

"But this woman is very pale and thin; surely, those indications of suffering cannot be counterfeited."

"There comes Ernest," said Annie, "late from his law-class by an hour. There, now he has stopped before that miserable woman. Who would suppose that he would condescend to such an exhibition on Broadway?"

And the young lady fairly crimsoned at the thought. St. Loud observed her indignation, and rejoiced at the opportunity of disparaging any action of the young man whom he had secretly regarded as a dangerous rival.

"Very vulgar, indeed," chimed he, "I think he must have a natural affection for such creatures; but we cannot expect a person so lately presented into good society, as I learn Mr. Rivington is, to be an *au fait* in all matters of good breeding."

"Ernest Rivington is a young man of the finest abilities, and of a good heart, which are greater qualifications than an initiation into the etiquette of the *beau monde*, and a contempt for every thing out of it," remarked Mr. Hasbrook, for since he had met the young man at the hotel, he had taken an uncommon liking for him.

"Look!" again exclaimed Annie. "As I live, he has offered her his arm, and is actually now walking down the street with her! Oh, horrors! Can I ever speak to Ernest Rivington again?—What a disgrace to his acquaintance; but they will surely all cut him after hearing of this."

"If I learn that you are among the number who cut his acquaintance, you shall be called no longer a child of mine," said Mr. Hasbrook, with marked decision.

—So saying, he arose, and walked out of the room.

Annie burst into tears; for the stinging allusion to her adoption, and consequent danger of forfeiting her claim to Mr. Hasbrook's favor was exceedingly annoying, more particularly as a stranger was present, who, of all others, she was most desirous to please.

At this juncture, the shrill sound of the gong was heard from below, and our party adjourned to dinner; St. Loud offered his arm to Annie, and observed on their way, that Ernest Rivington was a poor, contemptible fellow, and that her father would soon dislike him as much as themselves.

Annie's tears were not all on account of the injunction of Mr. Hasbrook; she was deeply mortified to discover that Ernest had forfeited her title to his regard by protecting a beggar-woman

of the street. And she certainly had regarded him with more than common interest, though since she had met Ivar St. Loud, she had felt less admiration and friendship for him than before.

Before our party had concluded their dinner, Ernest Rivington appeared and took his accustomed seat opposite. His brow was flushed, and he was evidently excited. Mr. Hasbrook made some trivial observation to him, but he was absent-minded, and made a wrong answer. In looking up, he encountered the large, dark eyes of Annie fixed coolly upon him, and saw a smile of derision around the mouth of St. Loud, and with his characteristic intuitive perception, he felt that a shadow had fallen.

## PART SECOND.

The generous heart of Ernest Rivington had been unusually moved at the sight of the miserable beggar-woman, for she was barely clad, and shivering with cold, and from her paleness and exhaustion, she knew that she was in a state of starvation.

Many such he had often seen before, and would have gladly relieved them, had he possessed the means; but he was poor, with only enough allowed him by a miserly uncle, who had brought him up from childhood, to furnish the means of pursuing the study of his profession. On the morning of this day, however, he had unexpectedly received a large sum from the publisher of a literary journal, for an article he had furnished some time since, without any hope of remuneration. And being thus the recipient of good-fortune, he felt willing and rejoiced to contribute to the necessities of others.

A pure, religious principle was the foundation of his daily life, and often had his prayer ascended to God, that he might sometime possess enough to be able to assist in the amelioration of the hard lot of the poor and miserable.

When he saw the poor creature before him, and heard her plea for enough to buy her a morsel to keep her from dying, protesting that she had eaten nothing for two days, he hesitated, for he had often heard of beggars assuming a miserable disguise to procure the means of getting ardent spirits, or hoarding up wealth, and he would not encourage vice. The poor woman seemed to understand the emotions of his mind, and reiterated her complaint.

"Oh, sir," said she, "if you have any compassion, you will give me something, if it be only enough to keep me from perishing in the street."

"Have you no home?" he asked.

"Oh, no; I have no where to lay my head, for I am a stranger in this great city. I once saw better days; but it matters not now; I am a wretched beggar, and shall soon perish in the high-ways of men."

He perceived, by her appearance and conversation, that she was indeed far above her fallen condition, and remembering his own sensations when he entered the great metropolis as a stranger, and contrasting his situation of ease and luxury with that of the being before him, he determined to yield to the promptings of his heart. He reflected a moment, then waiving all considerations of pride, he offered his arm to the poor woman, and said—

"My good mother, you may trust yourself to me: I will find you a home, and you shall not



starve, so long as I have the means of subsistence for myself."

"Sir," said the woman, eyeing him sternly, "I cannot go thus with you. I shall be betrayed; for though I am degraded to the lowest state, I will willingly die, rather than become a victim of vice."

"Fear me not," replied Ernest, while a tear trembled upon his cheek, "I will treat you as a son would treat a mother; and I call upon the God of the widow and the fatherless to be my judge."

She hesitated no longer, but trembling with excitement, she slowly arose, and placing her thin and shriveled hand in his arm, said—

"And, good young man, that same God will more than reward you for this act of kindness.—Believe me, and remember this day of your life."

Ernest was soon enabled to furnish the poor woman with food and a temporary shelter; and he left her, promising to return and procure her a home and some employment, by which she might be enabled to gain a subsistence. He had observed the evident change of Annie Hasbrook toward him, and the triumphant countenance of St. Loud, and unaware to himself, he adjourned to the gentleman's parlor, after dinner, with a heavy heart.—He selected a large *fauteuil* apart in one corner, and burying himself from all observation, yielded to his own weight of thought. At that moment he was weary of himself, because he seemed to be displeasing to others, and to one in particular, whom he had learned to regard with an interest more than that of equivocal friendship; weary of the world, for the reason that the world seemed to frown on him, and consider him as a simple machine, to turn out the capricious will of others; but he was not weary in well-doing. Oh, no; he thought of the gratitude of the poor woman—he saw again her tears, and seemed to hear her benediction in his ears even yet, and he blessed God that he had been called forth into being.

Ah! how often, in a moment of disappointment and bitterness, do we loathe our daily manna, and wish, even to Heaven, that we were as in days past, and again the unhallowed prayer ascends to her lips—"Would that I had never been born." Beware! oh, ye murmurer, lest a worse evil shall uprise and meet you in your life-path, and ye be led to bewail with your heart-drops, the past ingratitude and sinfulness.

The white wings of the dove of peace seemed to fold to lovingly around the heart of Ernest Rivington, and he heard the spirit-voice of his angel mother-whisper—"Beware!"

He started, pressed his hand upon his throbbing brow, and wondered at his exceeding sadness, when as yet but a trifle had rested upon his heart.

"Unmanly," thought he, "thus to yield to my depression of spirit."

But his train of thought was interrupted by the well-known voice of a speaker behind him. It was St. Loud, addressing several gentlemen who occupied the centre of the room. The back of his chair being toward them, he remained obscured from their view.

"By the way, gentleman," said St. Loud, "you have notice a young man, by the name Ernest Rivington, of the class gawky, and the order plebeian, who sits opposite me at the table?"

"The gentleman on whom Annie Hasbrook deigns to bestow a stereotyped smile?" asked one.

"The same; but that is to be numbered among

the things that were, for Miss Hasbrook will smile on him no more, I'll wager any sum" was the reply.

"What phenomena has arisen now, my dear fellow? Has this mushroom stripling obtruded his attentions so as to make it convenient for you to meet him at Hoboken?"

"Shall I have the inexpressible honor of being your second?" asked a third gentleman.

"I beg your pardon; that is my right, by virtue of successful practice," pursued a fourth.

"Peace," cried St. Loud, laying down his cigar with an air of a man who is about to enlighten an ignorant and expectant audience, "now let me sketch an editorial letter for you. This self-same building genius of a law-class, I believe, has evidently for some time past permitted the verdant tendrils of his heart of twine around the belle and beauty, Miss Annie Hasbrook. True to a coquette's mission, she has encouraged his vegetating tendencies, till he is become quiet bold in his love. But to-day the poor puppy had the mischance to speak to a beggar-woman directly opposite the window at which Annie was sitting (for I was, of course, 'there to see') and then he actually offered her his arm, and led her down the street, doubtless affected to find one who resembled his own maternal shade."

"Very good 'pon honor," interrupted a gentleman, who was indebted to St. Loud for the exact sum of twenty-five cents, which he had borrowed to pay the post man, and which was still unpaid, for the reason that the debtor considered it a gift.

(It is surprising, by the way, how a debtor will laugh and applaud the slightest remark, however common-place, which is uttered by a creditor, with an eye to the interest accumulating!)

"Know, then, gentleman," proceeded St. Loud, that Miss Hasbrook was immensely indignant, and vowed that she would cut his acquaintance at once, upon which her dowdy father (only endured, because he is worth half a million) vowed with equal spirit, that she should not. Annie forward pouted, and resolved—the old man stormed, and Mrs. was wisely silent.

"Now to the point; I am on the point of enacting a bit of a farce. If possible, I wish to drive up Sir Ernest to the point of proposing for Miss Hasbrook, on the eve of which event it must be told to the old 'un very accidentally, of course, in speaking of the depravity of the human race in general, and certain ones in particular—the shameful pity it is that the fine-appearing young man, Rivington, should be such a base hypocrite, scoundrel, knave, &c. And then for the climax, must be adduced the case of his assisting a poor beggar, imposing upon her credulity, and ultimately accomplishing her destruction. On all such points Mr. Hasbrook is morbidly excitable, and then we have him to a charm."

"But what is to be the poetry of all this?" asked one.

"Sport—only sport, of course," replied St. Loud. And he turned his face, that none might read there that it was *not* sport but a jealous, contemptible spirit of rivalry.

At this crisis, Mr. Hasbrook, "the old 'un," appeared, and the heroes of a new enterprise thought it expedient to take their several hats and depart.

During this conference, Ernest had been an

attentive listener, and when he heard the sound of their retreating footsteps, he fairly groaned aloud at the discovery of the treachery which St. Loud meditated to practise upon him.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Hasbrook, advancing towards him, "what in the deuce has happened?"

Ernest was silent; his first impulse was to relate the plot of St. Loud, verbatim to Mr. Hasbrook; but fearing if he did so, he should discover his hopeless love for his daughter, he resolved to keep his secret. And he was to much excited to frame a trival apology for his lugubrious appearance.

"Come, out with it man. You knows you have hitherto considered me as a friend, and not wholly without reason. I believe," continued the old gentleman.

"A thousand thanks for your friendly interest," replied Ernest, slightly coloring; "but I am a little weary just now, having just listened to an appeal against one whom I am quite sure is innocent of what he is about to be condemned."

"I've little interest in law," said Mr. Hasbrook; "but I have sympathy, I hope, for the oppressed. By the way, young man, I must tell you, ever though it be face to face, that I saw you the actor of a scene, to-day, which exceedingly interested and pleased me."

"Indeed!" said Ernest, with the tone of one whose thoughts are on anything but the subject in question.

"Yes, in deed," repeated Mr. Hasbrook; "and a deed which men and angels bless."

Ernest was suddenly attentive, for he thought of the incident with the beggar woman.

"I saw you assist a poor beggar by the street," continued Mr. Hasbrook, "and I wish such exhibitions were more frequent than angel's visits in our city."

"I am going to get a home and employment for her," said Ernest, "and I wish, as a particular favor"—

He hesitated, for he half-anticipated a refusal of the petition he was about to ask.

"Don't stop, dear sir; anything and everything you wish shall be freely granted," interposed the old gentleman.

"You know I am young, and almost a stranger in this city, and if you would give my character the protection of your presence when I go next to see her, I think everything can be very judiciously and speedily arranged."

"Most willingly. And when do you propose to go?"

"Immediately, if you have no other engagement."

"I have none, fortunately. Let us away, for I am always willing to assist the suffering, when I am sure of a genuine case."

#### PART THIRD.

MR. HASBROOK and Ernest had some difficulty in effecting their charitable plan; but, at last, a small room was hired in a large, old-fashioned building, situated in a poor, but respectable neighborhood, and sewing was also obtained for part of the means of her support, while Mr. Hasbrook himself was to supply work or money for the rest.

They then proceeded to the place where Ernest had left her in charge of a fruit-stall woman, and found her so low and exhausted, that it was with difficulty she could follow them to the place they had provided for her.

When she became fully aware of the kindness of her benefactors, she was so much overcome, that she wept like a child, and falling down upon her knees, she uttered a silent prayer to Heaven.— Her death-like countenance and humble attitude touched the hearts of both gentlemen, so that they were deeply moved, and they felt repaid by the consciousness of having relieved so much suffering.

"Have you no friends who would assist you, did they know of your poverty?" asked Mr. Hasbrook.

"Alas, I know of none, for I have become a wanderer on the face of the earth," replied the woman, with increased grief.

"What circumstances have reduced you to this?"

"If you have patience to listen, I will give you a short history of my wretched life. I cannot call it, for many blessings have been mine, as well as many of the severest trials."

Both gentlemen expressed their assent, and she proceeded.—

"I was the child of poor, but respectable parents, whose home was in the heart of New-England. My advantages chanced to be very good, and the education I acquired, with some other attractions, probably induced a young physician, who had settled in our town, to make proposals for my hand in marriage.

"I trusted the tale he told me of love and eternal constancy, and so we were married, amid the congratulations of all my acquaintances, who considered that I had been remarkably fortunate.— Soon after this event, my parents both died, of a prevailing epidemic, and I was left alone in the world with no other relatives to protect me, but my husband. I had two brothers, but they were away with an uncle in the West-Indies, and were not expected to return for many years.

"A twelvemonth of my married life had not passed, before I was pained by frequent instances of my husband's open neglect of myself, at the same time bestowing the most pointed attentions upon others. My remonstrances only increased his derangement. What succeeded for years, I have little remembrances; but I recollect of suddenly arousing myself as it were from a long sleep, and finding that I was in a strange and unfamiliar place, which I afterwards learned was an Asylum for the Insane. On inquiring concerning my family, I learned that I had been an intimate of that place for fifteen years, during which time my husband had died insolvent, and that my child had been adopted by some wealthy people, who had removed to a distant place, no one could tell whither. Then the agony of my mind was intense, for I feared I might never behold my child again, and none but a mother can imagine my feelings.

"One idea then possessed me, and has reigned supreme in my heart ever since—to find my child, I then commenced wandering on foot, begging my bread as I went, till I had searched nearly the whole of New-England. One day I accidentally heard that the people who had taken my child were in New-York, and thither I resolved to come. I had but just arrived, when that young man saw me, and took pity upon my suffering, and now God help you both for all your kindnesses."

During this recital, Mr. Hasbrook seemed unusually excited, and once or twice he had essayed to speak, but from some motive he remained silent till the woman concluded, when he said with some emotion—"I must know your name, for perhaps I may be of some assistance to you in finding your child."

"My husband's name was George Garrot."

"And the christian name of your child?"

"Was Ardele, the same as my own."

"Enough," said Mr. Hasbrook, a strange smile playing around his countenance; "we will leave you now, I will send a man with provisions for you comfort till to-morrow, when I will see you again."

So saying, he motioned to Ernest and they withdrew.

Lacon says that "slander cannot make the subject of it better or worse; it may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one but we are the same; not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calumniated—never." Ivar St. Loud was a man whose life corresponded to the creed of the murderer of Clarence, when he was accused of his conscience flying out—"I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward." He was bold enough to say and do what he willed to accomplish his designs, and according to previous determination, he sought an opportunity to represent the character of Ernest Rivington to Mr. Hasbrook in a light from which others less severe and critical, would have shrunk with horror.

At first, Mr. Hasbrook was astounded; he could not suppress his indignation at the detail of such calumny of one whom he had learned to regard with respect and admiration; but a moment's reflection convinced him that the tale was false, and designed to accomplish some purpose of St. Loud.

Mr. Hasbrook was not a man to be easily duped, even by a professional deceiver, so he quietly settled himself in the determination to think of Ernest Rivington exactly as he had before, though he was extremely puzzled to account for the origin of such foul aspersions.

"By the way" said St. Loud, "to change this unpleasant subject, I have a matter to present to you which I hope you will do me the favor to consider."

Mr. Hasbrook bowed and started very coldly.

St. Loud not in the least daunted, proceeded with all the coolness in the world to relate very minutely a history of his own past life, weaving a tale with the dazzling splendor of a high-wrought romance. He stated the present condition of his finances, his magnificent and almost unparalleled prospect for the future, and concluded by asking the old gentleman for the lovely and accomplished Miss Hasbrook in marriage to make perfect the appointments of his brilliant and fortunate life.

Mr. Hasbrook was not wholly taken by surprise; he had already conjectured as much, but his thoughts again reverted to Ernest Rivington, than whom no other man would be preferred to receive as the husband of his darling child. A thought suddenly struck him, he reflected, and he divined the dark purpose of the evil man, who would fain have gained the object of his ambi-

tious desires even at the sacrifice of another's reputation.

"Contemplate villain!" thought he to himself, "had it not have been for my personally witnessing Ernest Rivington in his works of charity, I might possibly have become a victim to his arts.—Andhmy Annie—Oh! merciful heavens! It cannot be that he has won the love of her too susceptible heart. The thought is madness."

"Perhaps you would prefer time for reflection before answering me fully," suggested St. Loud, in a confident tone.

A smile gradually stole over the countenance of Mr. Hasbrook—a veritable smile—hotwithstanding his fierce emotions, for a new thought had suddenly whirled through his brain, a plan yet in embryo, but in its perfect fulfillment, teeming with promise.

"Come to my drawing-room this evening, for I shall receive a friend or two informally, and I will then advise you of my intentions," replied Mr. Hasbrook.

St. Loud was delighted, and expressed a thousand thanks. "My triumph is completed," he said to himself after the shadow of his prospective father-in-law had vanished, "and that upstart, Ernest Rivington, shall soon witness it."

#### PART FOURTH.

WHEN Ardele Garnot, the poor beggar woman, found herself alone in her new shelter—alone with her great grief and with her God, she folded her hands upon her throbbing bosom and prayed that her mind might not again wander from its home into the terrible desolation, the fearful chaos of madness. A wild impulse seemed to be working in her brain betimes, so that the few objects which stood about her room were partially transformed to her vision, into the forms of friends she had once known.

She knew that it was but a chimera, and she strove with mighty energy to throw off the chains which seemed to be blinding her faster and stronger within their grasp. She walked the room, and tried to sing an air of early days to beguile her attention, but it would not do. She then went to the several articles of furniture, clutched them within her nervous grasp and displaced them all. "Now," thought she, "I am assured that this it all folly and I will think no more of it." But she had scarcely uttered the thought, when a mist gathered before her eye even darker than the atmosphere without; the single pale light seemed to burn yet lower, and a figure clothed in the garments of the grave advanced from one of the chairs even to her side. She started, gazed wildly to dispel the shadow over her vision and to her own surprise she was less alarmed than before. She now looked fully upon the figure beside her, and without any feeling of the conscious visible presence of anything more than the material, she spoke as if a mind had been there. But the effort resulted only in a sound without language. Immediately a deep, guttural groan issued from the mouth of the figure, and drops of blood oozed out upon the forehead. The features were contorted and the whole form writhed in agony.

Then did her hear swell under that supernal influence, large and large—higher and higher did it well up. Oh, how she felt it absorbing her own being till every element of existence was concentrating there. A mysterious connection seemed



established between the strange being and her great heart, yet more closely every moment till she could endure it no longer it was bursting. She uttered a wild, piercing shriek; she still clasped her arms around herself to keep her life from escaping from her body, and then a voice which seemed to proceed from the figure said—

"Ardele! It is I who broke your heart, and it is I who will heal it."

"My husband!" almost screamed the terrified woman now recognizing the figure.

"Yes, thy husband, thy once sinful, guilty husband. My robe was once scarlet but it is now white as wool. So shall be thine own if thou shalt look upon the Son of Man. I suffered when our souls met, but it is past. Henceforth thou shalt be happy. Come with me and I will show you what shall be."

She followed the spirit to the window when her attention was directed upward. She saw the sky in its appearance one vast sheet of cerulean, without spot or ruffle upon its pure surface. Then appeared gradually an arched line of all the hues of the rainbow with a flaming sword above and beneath it, where were set letters of fire, and but for a single moment could read—"Let your heart rejoice, be happy and be free."

The illusion and the spectre had vanished, the light had sent up its last quivering flame, and all was still both without and within the soul of Ardele Garnot. She threw herself upon her pallet of straw, and was soon sleeping tranquilly in the light of the gentle moonbeams.

The succeeding night, Ernest Rivington and St. Loud met in the presence of the Hasbrooks.—Ernest had appeared there at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Hasbrook after a repeated refusal. He could not divine the reason of his importunity, and with visible reluctance and restraint he entered the presence of those whom he felt regarded him with him with scorn and contempt. At sight of him, St. Loud was incensed and scarcely deigned to be stow a look of recognition; Annie received him with a chilling *hauteur*, while Mr. and Mrs. Hasbrook were unusually cordial.—His situation was awkward and embarrassing, for he was before friends, an enemy and one whom he had loved with the deepest passion of his manly heart.—Never had Annie looked lovelier than on this evening; radiant smiles of happiness illumined her face with a light which was dazzlingly attractive, for St. Loud was at her side displaying all the gallantry of a pseudo betrothed. Her beauty was of that peculiar style which rather wins upon the heart than achieves a momentary conquest.—When once her image had fallen upon the soul, it might not easily pass away; but like a cherished thing of love it rested there and yet one could scarcely tell wherefore. Her features were not symmetrical, nor was her color distributed according to the standard of beauty. A fair brunette with the slightest tinge of rose contrasted with a pair of eyes large and dreamy as the orbs of Correggio's angels. The habitual pensiveness and exquisite feeling which exuded therefrom, gave one a strain of rich and mournful melody, which comes to the soul in the deepest shade of night, reminding us of home, love and Heaven.

But when excited by flatter and admiration, (for she was susceptible like most damsels) a strange, wild light of conscious power and o'er-weening

spirit would spring up beneath the long dark lashes, and send forth a fire of intensity and passion, which transformed her to an object of curious interest, rather than of love. Her hair was smooth and dark as a strip of midnight blackness, and hung in heavy masses about her lofty and intellectual head, confined by a single comb of the purest ivory. Her figure was full and finely proportioned habited in a tight corsage of dark velvet, relieved by folds of pearl satin, while a string of pearls encircled her throat and arms. Altogether, she personated the goodness of the night in her mantle of sable in woven with the thread of the moonbeams, and swelling wildly upon the mighty shadows of the noble structures of nature, which are kissed with the smile of a firmament of golden stars.

Beside, mystery—poised, enchanting mystery—was associated with her history, which gave an additional charm to her eccentric character. She was known to be an adopted child of the Hasbrooks, but farther, none could fathom, not even herself. The secret was buried in the hearts of those whom she now called her parents, and the reason of the strange silence was known by themselves alone. A single association with the mystery of her birth was in her possession—a small locket of gold containing the miniature of a female. It was like a magic charm to her, which she always wore next her heart. She knew not whose picture it was, but it was sufficient for her to know that it was in some way connected with her birth. Sometimes she fancied she could trace a resemblance between herself and the picture, though the exquisitely beautifully features, small blue eyes and flaxen curls tallied strangely with her own; but yet there was an expression, a cast of thought which played about the mouth and brow that were very strikingly here.

Never having had children of their own, Mr. and Mrs. Hasbrook had petted Annie till she was well-nigh spoiled; but she was yet a very lovely very brilliant and enchanting girl, though it must be confessed, she was proud and haughty as Juno herself.

The evening waned, and Mr. Hasbrook still preserved an unusual flow of spirits. St. Loud attributed his joyousness to his prospective good fortune of having such an elegant and wealthy son-in-law. Annie, also interrupted her father's appearance favorably, though she was not aware that St. Loud had made formal proposals to the father.

At length Mr. Hasbrook spoke, and desired them all to listen to him for a few moments; "for," said he, "I have something to tell you which will doubtless interest each one of you in a greater or less degree. A sentiment of an old, but familiar writer, strikes me at this moment as being a good introduction to what I am going to tell you. 'He that hath pity on another man's sorrow, shall be free from it himself; and he that delighteth in, and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself.'"

"You all may recollect the beggar woman which you observed a few days since in connection with Mr. Rivington in the street opposite."

Here Ernest turned a deathly pale, and started as if he fain would have escaped from the glances of Annie and St. Loud, who at that moment exchanged a very unequivocal titter.

"I had the happiness afterwards of learning the exact particular of the incident and the history of the poor woman from her own lips, so that all contrary statements which I chanced to hear, of course passed for nothing."

A glance was here leveled at St. Loud.

"I ascertained the noble benevolence of Mr. Rivington, and now take pleasure in expressing my approbation of all his actions appertaining to the affair."

"Pray sir," interposed Ernest, "do not speak thus of me, for."—

"Not a word, young man, if you please, till I have finished," said Mr. Hasbrook, good-humoredly.

"This poor woman is an object of the deepest pity, for she has suffered extremely. The ill treatment of her husband induced insanity, in which state she remained for many years; but on recovering, her husband was dead, and her only child gone she knew not whither. To find this child, has been since the object of her continual search, and I doubt not, that it will rejoice you all with me to know that I have been successful in accomplishing the great desire of her soul."

"The child found!" exclaimed Ernest, unable to restrain his surprise.

"Yes, the child of the poor beggar woman is found," repeated Mr. Hasbrook wily singular emphasis.

"Where was it?" asked St. Loud, endeavoring to discover a becoming interest.

"Oh, do tell us, papa!" cried Annie with great impatience.

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Hasbrook, smiling, "do not keep us in suspense."

"It was in this room," replied Mr. Hasbrook.

"Impossible," echoed every voice.

"It is quite possible, and moreover certain, that the child of the beggar woman is our dear Annie!"

For a moment, every breath was hushed to the stillness of death—then a heavy, rolling sound as of a mighty wind passed through that wonder-stricken group—a shriek!—another and another, and Annie fell lifeless upon the floor!

St. Loud arose, bowed coldly and retired, and was seen no more in presence of the Hasbrooks.

Mr. Hasbrook had faithfully preserved the history of Annie in his memory, and in the details of the woman's story he recognized at once, her identity with the lost child. He remembered that the name she bore before her adoption, was thus enabled to declare with certainty, that Annie was the child for which the woman was seeking.

Annie was now fully possessed of the secret of her early life, and she was changed—changed from the proud, imperious child, to the subdued and reflecting woman. In the few hours she had thought of the new phase of her existence, she seemed to have lived years.

Thus it is, oftentimes, that the sudden solution of a great problem of her fate, will mark our existence though all the files of coming time.

We know not the power of our souls until they have passed the fiery trial; then may we compute the height and depth of our worldly mission. The scarlet-robed angel of warfare shall speak to us—"Be strong," as we go onward and upward toward the goal of all our sorrows.

Annie Hasbrook had heard the mighty words,

and with prayer on her lips and repentance in her heart did she go forth to meet her long injured parent. Her mother—how strangely different did the name now fall upon her heart!

Ernest Rivington was at her side, and a happy man he was as his eyes met hers brimming with thankfulness and love. She had humbly asked his forgiveness, and poured out the weilling gratitude of a full heart in return for his generous care of her mother. And what might he ask in return? Ah! that which shall make up the great future is not to be carved by mortal architect. Time alone will show.

The mother and the child met; the miniature in the possessed of Annie was recognized by her mother to be that of herself in her girlhood. Then was she assured that the lost was found. They had met after a long separation of years, dark and painful to the one, light and joyous to the other; and henceforth the current of their lives was to flow on together, whether it be in the sunlight or shadow.

It was such a meeting as inspires the angels to chant a renewed song of praise around the throne of the Universalist Father and one among that silver-toned band gave a deeper, sweeter and holier ascription of glory to the God of the widow a fatherless than exoded from all others.—He it was who felt that his sin was washed away, and those he loved dearest on earth were at last united and made happy.

#### PART FIFTH.

YEARS have passed; and come with me now, reader mine, to a house on one of the fashionable streets of the "West Ends" of New-York. Its structure is magnificent, and its appointments are princely. And it is well, for it is the home of one who has cared for the poor, and fortune has cared for him. In a retired apartment, very sunny and very luxuriant, we recognize the individuals of a family group. There is Ernest Rivington with his clear, lofty brow just shadowed o'er with the pencil of time, and the same smile of a noble and generous soul. From the hour of his defending the sufferings, the tide of his fortunes have gradually risen till it is now among the high of the land.—Beside him sits a matronly, though still youthful-looking lady, appearing as happy and joyous as a mortal being may, and while pressing to her bosom a counterpart of herself—a little, rosy cherub who bears the name of "Annie Ardele."

Old age is there, the crown and glory of the household—the two mothers alone, for Mr. Hasbrook has long since been gathered to the dust. Both share equally the love and watchcare of Ernest and his gentle wife, and both claim the same right to the title and dignity of "Grandmama."

The door softly uncloses, and the maid servant enters and addresses Mr. Rivington in behalf of a poor child who has solicited charity.

"Does the child seem to be suffering greatly?" asked Mr. Rivington.

"I think so, for there be many rags about him," replied the colored girl.

"Let him come to me then, for I cannot go to the cold air yet, I have so lately emerged from my sick chamber," he added to his wife who was about to remonstrate.

It was indeed a wretched-looking child, with clothing scarcely sufficient for midsummer to protect it from the inclemency of the chilling air of winter.

"What is your name my little fellow?" asked Mr. Rivington.

"Ivar St. Loud."

At the sound of that name, Earnest Rivington turned pale, he glanced involuntarily at his wife, and both felt a thrill of horror pass through their souls. For some moments he was too much excited to continue his investigation.

The poor boy trembled with fright.

"And that is the name of your father is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you a mother living?"

"Oh yes; but my poor mother is very ill, sir, and we have no medicine, nor nothing to keep her from freezing with the cold."

"Does your father provide nothing for her comfort?"

"No, sir," said the boy, hesitating, but after a moment's thought he stammered out—"My father gets drunk every day, and he beats her and calls her hard names; and I am sure he should not," he added with emotion, "for my mother is very good, and she once lived in a great house like this, sir."

"Then your father does not work?"

"He says he can't get work, for nobody will employ him, and my mother worked very hard herself till she grew sick."

"Where do you live, my boy?" continued Mr. Rivington.

"Oh! we live in one room in a poor old building—Alley, and the man who owns it says he shall turn us out by to-morrow, if father does not pay him."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivington, looking imploringly at her husband.

Ernest arose, and going to his escritoir wrote a note to Ivar St. Loud which ran thus:—

"Sir:—Enclosed, you will find a check for twenty dollars, which with the packages I send by my servant, you will please accept and oblige. ERNEST RIVINGTON."

"God bless you, my dear husband!" exclaimed Annie after reading what he had written.

He then dismissed the boy, telling him that his servant should accompany him home.

"Do you remember the sentiment which Mr. Hasbrook repeated on the night when St. Loud met us for the last time?"—"He that delighteth in, and scorneth the misery of another, shall one time or other fall into it himself," but let us thank God who has made us to differ."

### MISCELLANY.

#### DO IT WELL.

What? Every thing honest that you attempt to do at all!

A noble saying is recorded of a member of the British House of Commons, who by his own industry and perseverance had won his way to that high position. A proud scion of the aristocracy one day taunted him with his humble origin, saying, "I remember when you blacked my father's boots." "Well sir," was the noble response "did I not do it well?"

We indignantly repel the intimation that the laboring man occupies a lower position in the scale of society than the wealthy idler. He who produces is a noble man, because a more useful member in the community, than he who merely consumes, as the little bee who works is a nobler animal than the fatter drone that idly cumber

the hive and wastes the store. The man who is ashamed of honest labor deserves not the rewards it secures.

There is no honest calling that can degrade a man. He is only degraded by an unmanly sensitiveness in regard to them, or by dissatisfied yearnings after a higher position, or by indolence in his own sphere. He who fails to perform faithfully, in an earnest spirit and careful mind, what are called the humbler duties of life, is unfitted to be intrusted with more responsible offices. He who pushes a plane lazily, or handles a trowel in a slovenly manner, will never be likely to succeed in any vocation. He may whine like an unmanly coward about his destiny and poverty, rail against the distinctions of fortune; but while he cherishes an indolent, heartless disposition as a workman, the fault of his degradation is in his own spirit.—No man is likely to rise from a comparatively humble position, until he has learned to perform the labor of that position well. He may prate of what he would do, if he could gain some other place, but it would be better to let the world see what he can do where he is. He may fancy that he has great capabilities for success in some other sphere, but let it be seen how these great capabilities can secure him respect and success in his present vocation.

William Cary, was an industrious and good shoemaker, and it was the continuance of the energy and assiduity of the bench that made him the most profound scholar of his day. John Bunyan was a good tinker, and the elements character exhibited in that calling made him profound and successful preacher and writer.—Elihu Burritt was a laborious blacksmith; he attended to his business faithfully, and that same industry made him the ready master of thirty languages.—Joseph and David were faithful shepherd boys: they doubtless guarded their flocks well, folded them promptly and fed them carefully, and the qualities there exhibited prepared them to become efficient leaders of men.

"Because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things," is a law of Divine Providence, and no man has a right to look for an enlargement of the sphere of his duties and responsibilities, for a higher elevation in the confidence and regard of men, for the more liberal reward of society, while he creeps heartlessly, or toils sluggishly, or murmuringly over his present duties. "Whatever, then, your hands find to do," in your ordinary occupations, or in the useful employment of your time, "do it with your might," and do it well.

#### A KISS FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

At a race-course in Normandy, some Englishmen were admiring the picturesque and historic customs of the women of the country. Several of these gentlemen-jockeys, slightly excited by the impression of their *dejeuner*, were gathered together in a knot, admiring not only the costume, but the captivating faces of the women of Normandy, whose beauty was heightened by the piquant originality of their lofty lace head-gear. These sportsmen were uttering the comments on the passers-by in a loud tone of voice, when their attention was arrested by the extraordinary beauty of a young woman, evidently just married, who at that moment passed by. She was walking in the midst



of a group of country lads and lasses in their silk dresses and long-tailed, short waisted black coats, and in company might be seen the black cassock of the cure and vicar of the parish.

"What a beauty," exclaimed one of the sportsmen, "on my honor, I'd give two sovereigns for a kiss of her rosy cheek."

"Hullo! here's a bifeast, who says he'll give two sovereigns to kiss our Louise," said a bumpkin in black velvet vest and hob-nailed shoes.

"Ah! ah!" cried several of the girls together, "how generous, two louis are not Peru!"

"Well, then, I'll give three," said the Englishman.

The young woman to whom the provocation was addressed, looking toward the Englishman, and smiling said, "It would give you a great deal of pleasure, then, Monsieur?"

"Well, in that case," continued she, after a little hesitation, "give five louis and here's my cheek."

Thus challenged, his liberality would not have backed out had it cost him twenty guineas. The five golden pieces were drawn from his purse and placed in the young woman's hands, who honestly performed her part of the contract and received a brace of kisses.

"What a winfall," cried she, gaily; "here, M. le Cure, are five gold pieces for the poor of our parish."

As she finished, exclamations arose on all sides "Oh, if that is to be the use of the money, a guinea more for the poor," said the sportsman, and the exclamations were louder than ever.

[Etats Unis.]

#### EVILS OF EXAGGERATION.

REV. E. H. Chapin once delivered an eloquent discourse upon the evils of exaggeration. He showed plainly that partizans and sectarians are often agreed in main points, but for the exaggerated statements of interested parties and designing men. In our most common conversation we exaggerate. When we speak of a friend, we are very apt to do so as our *best* friend. If a man has done us a wrong, he is generally the worst man in the world. If the sky, a mountain or a lake is beautiful, we often consider it the most beautiful sky, mountain or lake, when we do not mean so. Our country is the *largest*, most patriotic. That speech was the *most* eloquent, &c., &c. These are only the exaggerations of common conversation, but he showed that they are the miniatures of what actually exist in great parties and sects, and which tend to tangle and confuse what would otherwise appear straightforward and plain.

Parties, he said, make it a business to hunt up exaggerated statements and stereotype them, and then hurl them as arguments at each other.

Sects, each seeking for the truth, are led opposite ways by exaggeration. It is the result of hasty judgement. Down beneath all sectarianism runs a stream of truth, deep, pure, and constant; but there are few who find it, or finding, follow its course.

We do not stop to consider and think far ourselves. We jump at conclusions. We are a hasty people. We live in haste, eat, drink, worship, and do business in haste. We build steamboat in a week, railroads in a month, and cities in a year; we take up the roots of the forest to put

down pavements. We watch and anticipate the movements of the old world, and with the aid of the electric wires we mingle them with the jostlings of the new. The orator summed up his excellent discourse by saying that in all thing wordly we are hasty, and in spiritual things only are we tardy. We absorb all our energies for the finite at the expense of the infinite.

#### THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

SOME people are very apt to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear and storm, though after all they are laughed at; their orders are forgot, and their ill-temper only is remembered.

How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word, or even a blow, cannot do, it will subdue the stubborn will, relax the frown, and work wonders.

Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him. The man was an ill-temper and beat the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go on in the right way. Another man who was in the cart, went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head and fixed his large eyes on the man as though he would say, "I will do any thing for you, because you are kind to me, and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane and trotted on briskly as though the load was a plaything. Oh, how strong is a kind word!

Some years ago, a medical student, who had paid more attention to billiards than anatomy, was brought before a professor for examination, when the following questions and replies were passed: "What would you do first in case of a man who was blown up by gunpowder?" "I should wait until he came down." "Well, sir, if I should knock you down for that impertinent reply, what muscle would I put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my right arm; for I should floor you immediately."

#### DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a man to improve in temper by going to law?

Did you ever know any wine that hadn't been stored many years in somebody's cellar?

Did you ever know a baby that was not the very image of its father and mother?

Did you ever know a chap so "scurvy-looking," that a politician wouldn't shake hands with him, before election?

**MATRIMONY.**—When bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty, dive further than than the yocket for worth, and search for temper beyond good humor for the moment—remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life. Virtue, like some flowers, blooms often fairest in the shade.

#### BEAUTY AND LOVE.

THE most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity. No deformity is present where vanity and affectation are absent; and we are unconscious of the want of charms in those, who have the power of fascinating us by something more real and permanent than external attractions and transitory showe.

#### INFLUENCE OF GENIUS.

WHERE are authors in approaching whom we are conscious of an access of intellectual strength. A "virtue goes out" from them. Sometimes a single word, spoken by voice of genius, goes far into the heart. A hint, a suggestion, an undefined delicacy of expression, teaches more than we gather from volumes of less gifted men.

**THE MODEL HUSBAND.**—Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough; she looks at Mr. Smith with a sweet smile, and offers to help him (at the same kicking him gently with her slipper under the table.), "No, I thank you, dear, they don't agree with me."

**THE VOICE OF FRIENDSHIP.**—There is something far sweeter in the voice of friendship than in the blandest tones of impassioned sound. It speaks to the soul as softly as the low breathing sighs of the zephyrs, and cheers the heart more than the glad rush of waters upon the delighted ear of the traveler in the desert.

A SHREWD old gentleman once said to his daughter—"Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money, and nothing else."

"JOHN, I wish it was as much the custom to trade wives as it is to trade horses." "Why so, Peter?" "I'd cheat somebody most shockingly before night."

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed? What is your verdict?" "We fine the prisoner not guilty, if he will leave town!"

"That will bear being retold," as the miller said to the grist.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Schodack, on the 3d inst. by Rev. A. Milne, Mr. Daniel Calkins to Miss Catherine E. Miller, both of Copake.

In Valatie, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. C. R. Wilkins, Mr. Seymour Williams of Chatham, to Miss Christina Ould, of Stuyvesant Falls.

In Kinderhook, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. F. R. Strover, Mr. Russel D. Greenman to Miss Delia G. Walley, both of Stephentown, Rens. Co.

In Kinderhook, on the 6th inst. Mr. John Harder, of Kinderhook, to Miss Jane Foster, of Catskill Greene Co.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on Sunday morning, the 13th inst. Miss Sally Dayton, daughter of the late Isaac Dayton, aged 64 years.


In this city, on Tuesday morning, 8th inst. after a lingering illness, Stephen Gunn, aged 72 years.

In Stuyvesant, on the 8th inst. Mrs. Maria Van Alstyne, wife of Isaac Van Alstyne, Esq. aged about 75 years.

At his residence in Claverack, on the 18th inst. William W. Rockefeller in the 63d year of his age.

In Great Barrington, Mass. on the 17th inst. Mary Mills in the 66th of her age.

In Claverack on the 19th inst. at the residence of her son Ambrose, Mary Lockwood in the 68th year of her age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

### VALEDICTORY LINES TO MY SISTER.

BY MRS. EDATHA L. WORCESTER.

SWEET Sister, in this book of time,  
I fain would write a simple lay:  
Which shall around thy heart entwine  
When you and I are far away.

Thine eye is beaming bright with joy,  
Hope on thy brow has set her seal;  
And visions sweet thy thoughts employ,  
Which youthful minds alone can feel.

I would not from thy sparkling eye  
One ray of blissful pleasure take:  
But I would fix thy hopes on high,  
Upon thy friend who'll ne'er forsake.

And then if earth joys decay,  
Sweet peace of mind will still be thine,  
For in thy heart will shine a ray  
From off Religion's holy shrine.

We part, dear Sister, and thy gaze  
Upon this page may fasten'd be,  
When gone are childhood's early days,  
And youthful friends afar from thee.

Oh! may the memory of my love,  
Be treasured in thy inmost heart;  
'Till we shall meet in heaven above;  
Kind Sister, never more to part.

### LIFE IS SWEET.

"On! life is sweet!" said a merry child;  
"And I love I love to roam  
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene—  
Oh! the world is a fairy home.  
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,  
And flowers gay and bright;  
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sun-lit days—  
Oh! the world is a world of light!"

"Oh! life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,  
As he conned the storied page;  
And he pondered on the days by-gone,  
And the fame of a former age.  
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,  
And he longed for riper years;  
He clung to life—he dared its strife—  
He felt not dread nor fears.

"Oh! life is sweet!" came merrily  
From the lips of a fair young bride;  
And a happy smile she gave the while  
To the dear one by her side,  
"Oh! life is sweet! for he will give  
Our constancy to prove;  
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine,  
Our solace in our love."

"Oh! life is sweet!" said a mother fond,  
As she gazed on her helpless child;  
As she closer press'd to her gladden'd breast  
Her babe, who unconscious, smiled.  
"My life shall be for thee, my child,  
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;  
And who shall dare my soul to tear  
From the tie that forms a part?"

"Oh! life is sweet!" said an aged sire,  
Whose eye was sunk and dim;  
His form was bent—his strength was spent—  
Could life be sweet to him?  
Oh! yes; for round the old man's chair  
His children's children clung;  
And each dear face and warm embrace  
Made life seem ever young.

Thus life is sweet, from early youth  
To weak, enfeebled age;  
Love twines with life, through care and strife,  
In every varied stage.  
Though, perchance, the path is rough,  
And dark the sky above,  
In every state there's something yet  
To live for and to love.

### THE MOTHER'S HEART.

WHEN first thou cam'st, gentle, shy, and fond,  
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,  
My heart received thee with a joy beyond  
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;  
Nor thought that any love again might be  
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,  
And natural piety that lean'd to heaven;  
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,  
Yet patient to rebuke when justly given—  
Obedience—easy to be reconciled—  
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side (dying;—  
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was  
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide  
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,  
Or by the couch so pain, a sister meek,  
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made  
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,  
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade,  
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower,  
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,  
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then thou, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,  
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,  
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,  
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,  
Full of a wild and irrespressible mirth,  
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!  
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;  
Thine was the eager spirit naught could cloy.  
And the glad heart from which all grief re-boundeth;  
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply,  
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,  
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;  
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—  
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!  
Again my heart a new affection found,  
But thought that love with thee had reach'd its

At length thou camest; thou, the last and least;  
Nick-named "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers  
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,  
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;  
Mingling with every playful infant wile  
A mimic majesty that made us smile:

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!  
An eye of resolute and successful scheming?  
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—  
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;  
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,  
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,  
I, that all other love had been forswearing,  
Forthward admitted, equal and the same;  
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing;  
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call—  
But in the mother's heart, found room for all!

### POLYANTHUS.

SWEETLY the songsters of Nature may sing,  
Filling with music the glen and the bower;  
Brightly in forest and meadow may spring  
Many a fragrant and beautiful flower;—

But such have no charm that is half so divine,  
So precious to me,  
As the Smile of the being whose spirit benign  
Abideth with thee!

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